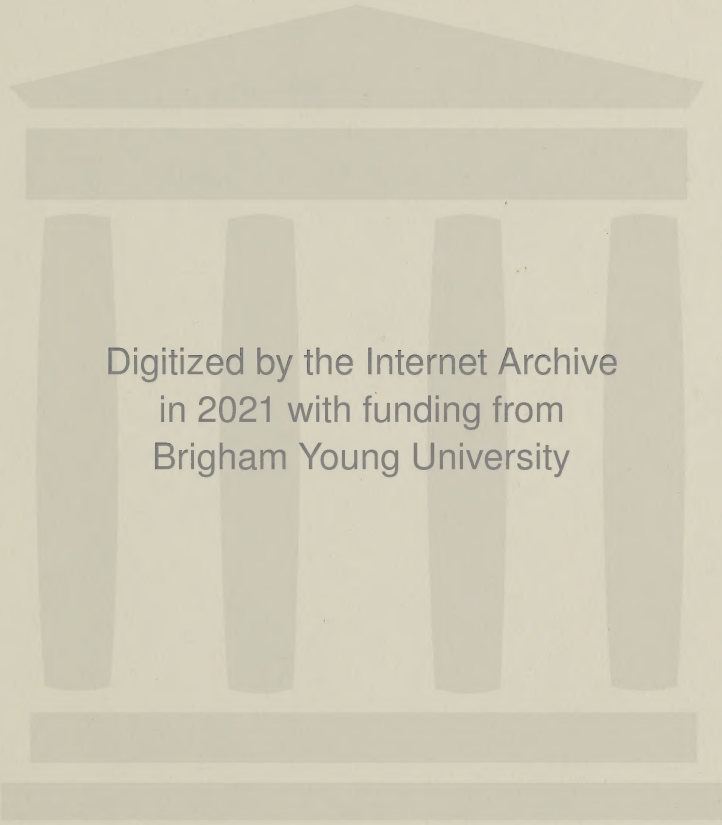


AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
MARGARET MCNEIL BALLARD
WIFE OF HENRY BALLARD



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Autobiography
of
Margaret Mc Neil Ballard
wife of Henry Ballard

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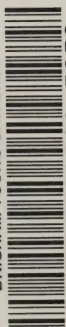
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MARGARET McNEIL BALLARD

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

MARGARET McNEIL BALLARD
Wife of Henry Ballard

Utah Pioneer 1859

Born April 14, 1846
Tranent, East Lothian,
(Haddingtonshire), Scotland.

Daughter of

Thomas McNeil and Jeannette Reid

Baptized a member of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

May 28, 1854 in Scotland

Died

July 21, 1918

Logan, Cache Co., Utah

AUTHORITATIVE

of

WARRANTED GENUINE

Wife of Henry H. H.

1833 Pioneer 1833

1833 April 14, 1833

Traverse, East London,

Church, London, England.

Daughter of

Thomas Smith and Mary H.

Registered a copy of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

May 22, 1833 in Scotland

1833

July 21, 1833

London, Canada Co., Utah

My birthplace, Tranent, was a small village located near the sea shore on the banks of the mouth of the Firth of Forth, not many miles from Edinburgh. From this village one may view the beautiful scenes of grasses and hills and waters so typical of picturesque Scotland.

When I was eight years old my father baptized me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He had joined the Church and was baptized when I was about two years old. He was a coal miner and had to be to work every morning at four o'clock. Therefore, when I was baptized I had to go early in the morning.

It was a beautiful May morning when I walked to the sea shore. We carried a lantern to light our way. As I came up out of the water the day was just beginning to dawn and the light to creep over the eastern hills. It was a very beautiful sight, one that I shall never forget. At this time I was filled with a sweet heavenly spirit which has remained with me to this day.

That night all of the saints met at our home and I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I was given my choice to either sing, pray or bear my testimony. I offered up a simple prayer for my heart was filled with great joy and thanks to God for the privilege of becoming a member of His Church. This gratitude has remained in my heart and has increased as the years have gone by.

The first ten years of my childhood was

spent in Tranent but because of being a "Mormon" I was not permitted to attend the schools and so I was entirely deprived of schooling while in the old country. In pioneering there was little opportunity of education. During those ten years our family enjoyed the association of the Elders and Saints. My father was President of the Edinburgh Conference for a number of years therefore, the Elders visited our home often and we were always glad to receive them. Many times I went to bed hungry in order to give my meal to the visiting Elders.

On April 27th, 1856 we left Liverpool for America. There was a large Company leaving. My mother was not well and was taken on board the ship before the time of sailing, while the sailors were still disinfecting and renovating the ship. Here my brother Charles was born, with only one woman on board the ship to attend my mother. When the Captain and doctor came on board the ship and found that a baby had been born they were delighted and thought it would bring good luck to the company. They asked the privilege of naming him. Brother Willie, President of the company, thought it best to let the Captain name him as there were eight hundred passengers and nearly all of them were "Mormons". So he was named Charles Collins Thornton McNeil, after the boat, Thornton, and Captain Charles Collins.

We were on the ocean for nearly six weeks and at the end of this long tiresome journey we landed at Castle Gardens, New York.

During this time we had many hardships to endure, but through it all we were

greatly blessed. Because of my mothers condition, and my being the oldest member of the family, and being blessed with health, I had to share the responsibility with my father of taking care of the rest of the family, who suffered greatly with sea sickness. On board ship we had to prepare our own food and were permitted to take our turn using a stove which was provided for the company. I was the cook for the family and sometimes experienced trouble in preparing our porridge, which was about all we had to eat. I was but ten years old and somewhat of a venturesome spirit and through this, perhaps, met many more difficulties than I would have done otherwise, however, I was protected from accident and blessed with health the entire trip.

After landing we planned to go west to Utah with the handcart company. President Franklin D. Richards counseled my father not to go in that company, for which we were afterwards very thankful because of the great suffering and privations and the cold weather which these people were subjected to. There were many of the company who were frozen that year on their journey.

My father was then advised to go to St. Louis to spend the winter there and prepare to go through to Utah the next year. But instead of staying at St. Louis he was called on a mission to help make a settlement one hundred miles west of civilization. The place was to be called Genoa. We left St. Louis on the steam boat and came up the Mississippi River. The measles broke out while we were on the boat and all of my mothers children took them and were very sick, with the exception of myself. When we landed we camped on the bank of the river until our teams and wagons came.

When we were all ready to start on our journey westward my father's team, consisting of unbroke, five year old oxen, ran away and our family was delayed. My father had never seen oxen before and the animals allotted to him had to be roped and tied to get the yoke on them and fastened to the wagon. As soon as they were released from the ropes they became unmanageable and ran away.

The head company had gone on ahead and my mother was anxious to have me go with them, so she strapped my little brother James on my back with a shawl. He was only four years old and was still quite sick with the measles. Mother had all she could do to care for the other children so I hurried on and caught up with the company. I traveled with them all day and that night a kind lady helped me take my brother off my back. I sat up and held him on my lap with a shawl wrapped around him, alone, all night. He was a little better in the morning. The people in the camp were very good to us and gave us a little fried bacon and some bread for breakfast. We traveled this way for about a week, my brother and I not seeing our mother during this time. Each morning one of the men would write a note and put it in the slit of a willow stuck into the ground, to tell how we were getting along. In this way mother knew that we were alright.

We stayed in Genoa about two years. During this time we had very little to eat as the people were all very poor. We raised corn, but the frost came early and it did not ripen well. We had to dry it in the oven and it was so nearly spoiled that we had

to open the door while it was drying because it was so offensive, but it was all we had to eat. We had only one hand grinder for the whole company to use in grinding, which belonged to Brother Sleight. Of course it kept us very busy grinding. During the settlement of Genoa we suffered much from the hostile Indians. They were very troublesome and we were always in danger of being molested.

After we had made this settlement my father was called to go and help make another settlement called Woodriver, about one hundred miles west of Genoa, which made it about two hundred miles from civilization. This was a very pretty place, surrounded with trees, most all of them being elm trees.

One day while we were here at Woodriver our cow got away from us and when father found that she was lost he sent my brother Thomas and me to hunt for her. We looked all that day but were not successful in finding the cow. We started out early the next morning to continue the hunt and looked all day until towards evening. We were going down along the Platte River about five o'clock and as we looked down the river we saw three large Sioux Indians coming towards us on horses. They looked very war like and I was afraid they were going to carry us away with them so I said to my brother, "let us Pray". We were running as fast as we could and still kept praying all the time although we did not have time to get down on our knees.

The Indians soon came right up to us and wanted us to go with them. We were trying to be brave and told them we were going home, and pointed towards our house, for we could see the smoke coming out of our chimney. One of the Indians tried to pull my brother up on his horse

but he was heavier than the Indian expected and my brother slipped from his grasp and dodged right under the horse's belly, between fore and hind legs, and we ran until overtaken again. The Indians laughed and had a good time at our efforts to get away from them, but in our maneuvers we were getting near home. I asked them to go home with us and mother would give them milk and biscuits. I was shaking all over with fright and could hardly speak, but pointed over to where the men were working. The Indians left us and went over to where the men were and then went to our house and mother gave them a nice warm supper and they went away peaceably. Our heavenly father surely blessed and protected us on this occasion, for which we were very grateful.

We did not stay at Woodriver very long. My father made all preparations to go on and when the next company came we were ready to travel with them. The place was abandoned, regardless of splendid growing crops, because the Indians were so troublesome. The Captain was pleased to have us travel with his company and was very kind to us.

We had to cross the Platte River in which there were so many sand bars that it made the crossing very dangerous. The men were helping the women over. My mother was so anxious to get over that she started out with a baby in her arms, thinking she could go through herself. She had only gone a little way when she began sinking into the quick sand and was going down very fast, when some of the men saw her and ran to her assistance. It was a difficult task to get her out safely and she had a very narrow escape.

We had many such experiences while crossing the Rivers. One night our cow ran away from camp and I was sent out to bring her back. I was barefooted and not watching where I was going. All of a sudden I began to feel that I was walking on something soft and looking down to see what it could be, to my horror found that I was standing in a bed of snakes, large ones and small ones. At the sight of them I became so weak that I could scarcely move, all I could think of was to pray. And in some way I jumped out of them. The Lord blessed and cared for me so that I was protected at this time and from many other such experiences.

While crossing the plains my mother's health was very poor so I tried to assist her as much as I could. Every morning I would get up early and get breakfast for the family and milk my cow so that I could hurry and drive her on ahead of the company. I would let her eat in all grassy places until they had passed on ahead and then I would hurry and catch up with them. The cow furnished us our chief source of food and it was therefore, very important to see that she was fed as good as circumstances would permit. In this way the cow gave plenty of good rich milk. Had it not been for this we would have starved.

Being alone much of the time I had to get across the rivers the best I could. Our cow was a jersey and had a long tail. When it was necessary to cross the rivers I would wind the end of the cow's tail around my hand and swim across the stream with her.

I was always very carefull to watch for every bit of wood I could find on the way. Our fuel consisted mostly of "buffalo chips". Each morning I would gather a large apron full of these

chips for the camp fire at night and morning on which we cooked our meals.

At the end of each days journey I would milk my cow and help prepare our supper and then would be glad to go to sleep wherever my bed happened to be.

We traveled very slowly until we reached "Sweet Water". Here there was a terrible storm. The Captain got on his horse and scouted around to see if he could find a place of safety. It was snowing and the wind was blowing a terrific gale. We would have perished out in the open. The Captain found shelter down at the bottom of a hollow. We camped here for several days, until the storm abated. I was very brave and wanted to go out and explore this new camping ground. I had not gone far when I saw a large ox grazing a little way from where we were. I ran and told my father. He and some of the other men went and brought it into the camp and killed it for the company. The find of this ox I thought was wonderful, and, I felt, very providential, as we were almost starving.

In leaving this camp we had not gone far when we met Patriarch John Smith and Brother John P. Green who were going on missions and were traveling with a mule team. Father went to them for council and told them of our circumstances. Brother Smith blessed my father and gave him ten dollars, and Brother Green gave him five dollars. Brother Smith told father to leave the company and go on as fast as possible for it was getting cold and we were short of food. He also said to go through Weber Canyon into Ogden

as it was much quicker. With the money that was given us father bought fifty pounds of flour, it being \$20 a hundred at Fort Laramie. We also got a little meat. Brother Smith advised my father to stay in Ogden until he earned enough food to put us through the winter and then to go on to Cache Valley and take up land there.

We started out on our journey alone and had a very hard time of it. Our food gave out and we had nothing but milk and wild rose berries to eat. However, we had a good team and could travel fast. We arrived in Ogden on the 4th day of October, after a journey of hardships and hunger, with thankfulness to our heavenly Father for His protecting care. I walked every step of the way across the plains and drove my cow, and a large part of the way carried my little brother James on my back.

We camped on the outskirts of town and father left us and went on into Ogden to find work. While camping here many people passed us on their way to attend the General Conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City.

Across the field from where we were was a little house and out in the yard was a big pile of squash. We were all nearly starved to death and my mother sent me over to this placeto beg a squash, for we did not have a cent of money. Some of the children were very weak for the want of food. I knocked at the door and an old lady came and said, "Come in, come in, I knew you were coming and have been told to give you food." She gave me a large loaf of fresh bread and said to tell my mother that she would come over soon. It was not long until she came and brought us a nice cooked dinner; something we had not had for a long time. The woman was surely inspired of the Lord to help us and we were indeed grateful for her kindness.

When father came back to us he had found a man whom he had known in Scotland. This man took us to his home and we stayed there until we were ready to go to Cache Valley. We all got work. Mother took the smaller children and went and husked corn. I herded cattle, and father and my older brothers worked on the threshing machine.

When we had a sufficient supply we left Ogden and had not gone far when we met Henry Ballard and Aaron Dewitt who had been to conference and were returning to their homes in Cache Valley. This was my first meeting with my husband. At the time of this meeting I was a bare-footed, sun-burned little girl driving my cow along the dusty country road, but it was made known to my mother and to my husband at that time that I would some day be his wife.

Brother Ballard and Aaron Dewitt helped us greatly during our journey as we traveled together to Cache Valley. When we got to the Logan River the water was so high that it lifted the box right off the wheels and we had some difficulty in getting across. We arrived in Logan October 27, 1859.

We camped in a fort made for protection from the Indians. We were in the last fort which extended from the corner of Main and Center Streets to what is known as 3rd West street now. My father worked to get enough hay for the cattle for the winter and then went to the Canyon and hauled logs to make a house. We had no lumber nor glass, so for the doors and windows he wove willows together and plastered them with clay. He used bulrushes and willows for the roof and

bulrushes for the carpet and we were very comfortable until spring. My father and older brothers worked in the Canyon all winter getting out logs which he exchanged for bran or bacon or anything we could get.

At one time we were right out of everything to eat and father had a few logs he could spare and went to a man and asked him if he would not give him some bran for them. This is all we had to eat for some little time. This man found that we were in very poor circumstances and told the Presiding Elder that we needed help. So a meeting was held and the people were told that they should pay fast offerings, which they did. The first fast offerings paid in Logan were given to my father.

Father soon got work building a bridge and after this we did not have it so hard.

I carried water for the family all that winter from the north branch of Logan River which was about three blocks away. I had very little clothing on my body and my feet were bare and I would leave blood stains on the snow. Sometimes I would wrap them in old rags, but this was worse than ever because the rags froze on my feet.

Early in the spring I went to work for Thomas E. Ricks for one dollar a week. I was working to get seed wheat for us to plant. The wheat was five dollars a bushel. Brother Ricks needed a man to plow and asked father if he could spare one of his boys. Father said he would let him know that night. So when I got home he asked me if I would help him plough and let my brother go to Mr. Ricks. My brother could get two dollars a day and this would pay for the seed wheat much quicker. So my brother went to

work for Mr. Ricks and I drove the cattle while father held the plough, to break the ground for the first crops that were planted in Logan. This was the first season after Logan was settled. After ploughing was finished, I went back to Brother Ricks' and worked there until fall. Then I went out in the fields to glean so that we would have enough bread for the winter. I then returned to the Ricks home and worked there all winter. In the spring Grandma Thatcher offered me more money and the work was easier so I went and worked for her all summer for \$1.25 a week. The first grist mill was being built in Logan and the mill builders were living at Thatchers, this is why she needed me. In the fall the workmen went home and her sons went to Salt Lake to school and she did not need me longer. So I went back to work for Mrs. Ricks and stayed there until spring.

In January Brother Ballard asked me to go to a dance with him over to Providence, a little village several miles from Logan. We had a yoke of oxen and a heavy sleigh and it was very cold. It snowed while we were in the dance to the depths of three feet. We could not come home so we sat up all the rest of the night, for there was not room for so many of us to go to bed in one little log house. We had a very hard time to get home the next day. So you see even courting in Pioneer days had it's hardships.

I had been keeping company with Brother Ballard for some time and although I was but fifteen years old he wanted me to marry him. He felt that he could take care of

and provide for me without my having to work so hard as I had been working. We were married on May 5, 1861. He was put in as Bishop of the Logan Second Ward on April 14th of that year, which position he held for nearly forty years. During that time I always endeavored to assist him and encourage him in his work.

During the following summer we had a great deal of trouble with the Indians. They were very hostile and the people had to seek shelter in a large cellar. I have seen the Indians ride on their horses into the houses and tramp the gardens all to pieces. This was the worst time we had with them. They did an enormous amount of damage in the fields. The men would take their guns with them to work and while one guarded the cattle the others would plough. The Indians only took one child from our settlement and they never got her back.

At one time the Indians stole a great many horses from Brother Thatcher and my husband, who was a minute man, had to go many times without even saying good-bye, to look for stolen cattle. We would always have a good supply of bread on hand so that we could feed the Indians and they would be more friendly towards us. The Indians killed a number of settlers north of Logan one year and the soldiers from Fort Douglas came up and they had a real battle, at which is now called Battle Creek. Nearly all of the Indians were killed and some of the soldiers, but we never had any more trouble after this. The Soldiers camped on the Tabernacle Square and I sent bread, butter and eggs for them to eat.

We also had grasshopper wars. I have seen the heavens darkened with the grasshoppers until one would think it was midnight. I have often

gone out at such times and driven the grasshoppers into a trench with a bunch of willows and then buried them alive. With all that we killed the ground would be left perfectly bare of vegetation. They destroyed all our crops so that my husband had to go over into the other valley and work on a threshing machine to get bread for the winter.

A short time before my first baby was born I had my first experience in sewing. My husband had a fine young steer that he was saving to sell in order to get enough money for us to buy material to make cloths for our little new baby that we were expecting. One of the prominent brethren of Logan suffered a great financial loss at this time and was left destitute. The people were called upon to give what they could for the support of the unfortunate family. We had our winters supply of food in the house, but no money. The steer was the only thing we could dispose of to raise money. My husband came home feeling very badly and said, "Margaret, I am very sorry and disappointed but I have been called upon to raise some money to help out one of our brethren and the only thing I have that I can give is that steer, What shall I do?" I too was very much disappointed but said, "Give it Henry, we will find a way." My husband's gratitude for my willingness and his regrets brought him to tears. It was a big sacrifice for me at the time, but I knew it was right.

After my husband had left the house I hunted out two of his old home-spun woolen shirts and pulled down the blinds and locked the doors so that no one would see me try my

hand at a new art. I spread the shirts on the floor and, without a pattern, cut out the two little dresses and sewed them up by hand. This was about all the cloths I had for my first child. However, she was most welcome to us and was given as much love as two loving parents were capable of bestowing.

Our first baby was born on January 18, 1863. It was a girl and we named her Margaret Hannah. At the time of her birth my husband was the proudest father in the valley.

My husband was prospered and we got along well so now we lived very comfortably.

In 1864 my husband went back with his team to gather in the poor off the plains before the winter weather came. He was in Captain Preston's Company. During his absence I spun and wove a nice big piece of cloth to make our winter clothing. Brother Ballard returned on September 19th, the day before my next child was born. On September 20, 1864 my first son was born. We named him Henry William after his father and grandfather. Early in the fall of 1865 I took my babies and went down in the bottoms to gather hops because we could get a good price for them in Salt Lake, ten dollars a pound. My mother-in-law would go with me and help with the babies. In this way we were able to buy a few extra things. On July 8, 1866 my son Thomas was born. My husband had been prosperous in his work and we were gradually becoming better off. On October 4, 1867 my husband married my sister Emily for his second wife. Although I loved my sister dearly and we knew it was a commandment of God that we should live in the Celestial Marriage, it was a great trial and sacrifice for me. But the Lord blessed and comforted me and we lived happily in this

principle of the Gospel. I have thanked the Lord every day of my life that I have had the privilege of living that law.

On May 15, 1868 I gave birth to twin babies. A little girl and boy. We named the girl Jeannette and the boy Charles. They were two beautiful babies, but did not stay long with us on this earth. The little girl died on September 18, 1869 and ten days later, September 28, the little boy died. This was a very sore trial for me.

During the winter of 1869 we had about one hundred sheep wintering over in Clarkston. It was a very hard winter. The snow was so deep that nearly all of the sheep died. A man came and told my husband that if he wanted to save a start of sheep he must go at once with a wagon and haul some into shelter. I told my husband to get another wagon and team and I would drive that and go with him. He did not want me to go but I insisted, for I felt so sorry to lose so many sheep and thought we could save double the number with the two wagons. I also thought I could be company for him on such a long drive. It was very cold. We started very early and it was eleven o'clock when we got home that night. We brought twenty sheep back with us, but about half of them died on the way home. I never will forget the sight of so many sheep lying around dead and dying. It made my heart ache to see the suffering of these animals.

On April 9, 1870 my son George Albert was born. He was a fine big healthy boy and brought great happiness to our home.

In the following September I received a Patriarchial Blessing from Brother Charles H. Hyde. This was a very great comfort to me. It promised me many privileges and blessings which have nearly all been fulfilled.

On February 9, 1873 I gave birth to another son. We named him Melvin Joseph.

During June 1874 there was an epidemic of scarlet fever. Many families were severely afflicted. My children all came down with it and were very sick. After being sick with the fever for about one week my son, George Albert died on July 7th. On July 13th my oldest Daughter, Margaret, also died from the same disease. This was another trying ordeal for me to pass through but the Lord gave me strength to go through these things.

Not long after this my son Henry was helping his father haul peas from the field. In some way he fell on the pitchfork and it ran through his bowels. His father prayed over him at the time and asked the Lord to spare his life until he could get him home to me. When they brought him in the house he looked like he was dead. I hurried and made an herb plaster and put his whole body in it. We also offered up a mighty prayer for him and he was restored to health again and we know that it was the power of the Lord that saved him; for at that time we had no Doctors to help us.

Just two weeks after this I gave birth to another daughter. She was born on September 19, 1875. We named her Ellen Phebe. A few weeks after this my husband was brought home from the Canyon very sick, suffering with kidney trouble. The brethren had been in and

administered to him but he was very, very bad and we thought he was surely dying. I was standing at the foot of the bed and was greatly grieved to see him in such agony. He looked at me and said he knew he could die if I would only give him up. But a voice came to me and said, "Administer to him," but I was very timid about doing this for the brethren had just administered to him. The voice came again, but I felt that I could not do this with the Priesthood in the house. I felt that they would think me bold, and I was very weak. The voice came to me the third time and I heeded to it's promptings and went and put my hands upon his head. The spirit of the Holy Ghost was with me and I was filled with a Divine strength in performing the ordinance. When I had finished my husband had gone to sleep and slept quietly for two hours or more. There are still a number of the brethren living who were in the house at the time and they often speak of this miraculous healing.

On February 8, 1878 another daughter was born to us. We named her Rebecca Ann. Soon after this my husband's father and mother came and lived with us. They were with us for about eight years before their death. They both lived to a good old age, his father being ninety-six and his mother eighty-six when they died. They were both very feeble and required a great deal of care and attention. I was ever willing to help care for them and bestow my affection upon them and make their lives happy; and they both died blessing me, which has always been a comfort to me.

From the first organization of the Relief Society in Cache Valley until 1880, I labored as a teacher. On December 11, 1880 I was put in as President of this organization in the Second Ward, with Sister Barbara Larsen as first, and Sister Susan J. Smith as Second Counselors, and Sister Emmeline James, Secretary. I labored in this capacity for over thirty years. During these years I tried to do my duty in caring for the sick and comforting the needy.

I have walked for blocks through the deep snow, I have been out in rains and winds, in the darkest nights, and in the earliest hours of the morning to comfort and minister to those who were afflicted and who were sick and suffering and sorrowing and dying. I have sat up all night time after time with the sick, laid out the dead, made burial cloths, mothered the orphans, comforted the widows and given advice to those in need. I have tried to be a peace maker to those in trouble and through it all the Lord directed me and I enjoyed His Spirit as my companion in my labors. Many an afflicted one had gone to her last sleep blessing me and many who yet remain bless me for services rendered unto them. It comforts me to have done some good to those less fortunate than myself. Many, Many times I have neglected my own family and home but the Lord always came to my rescue and blessed me.

On December 13, 1881 I gave birth to another daughter and we named her Lettie May. Shortly after this a family by the name of Phister, who lived in our ward, were left orphans. The father died leaving a wife and six small children and in seven months after his death the mother gave birth to another baby and died while the child was very young. After her death the seven children were

brought to my home and stayed there until after the funeral and until Bishop Hardy of Salt Lake City came up and distributed them among different people. I adopted one of the little girls, her name was Lena, and raised her as my own until she was married.

On May 17, 1884 the Logan Temple was dedicated. The second day after the dedication President John Taylor said that all members of the Church who were worthy and who desired to go through the Temple might do so the next day. My husband, being Bishop, was very busy writing out recommends to all who wished to go through the Temple when my daughter came in with a newspaper in her hand and asked for her father. I told her that her father was very busy, but to give the paper to me and I would give it to him. She said, "No, a man gave the paper to me and told me to give it to no one but father." I let the child take the paper to her father and when he took it and looked at it he was greatly surprised for he saw that the paper had been printed in Birkshire, England, his birthplace, and was only four days from the press. He was so amazed at such an incident that he called Ellen and asked her where the man was who had given her the paper. She said she was playing on the sidewalk with other children when two men came down the street, walking in the middle of the road. One of the men called to her saying, "Come here, little girl," She hesitated at first for there were other little girls with her. Then he pointed to her and said "You". She went and he gave her the paper and told her to give it to her father.

The paper contained about sixty names of dead acquaintances of my husband, giving the dates of birth and death. My husband took the paper to the President of the Temple and asked him what he thought about it. President Merrill said, "Brother Ballard, that was one of the three Nephites or some other person who brought that paper to you for it could come in no other way in so short a time. It is for you to do the work for them."

My husband was baptized for the men and I for the women and all of the work was done for them. Again I felt the Lord was mindful of us and blessed us abundantly.

Shortly after the Logan Temple had been dedicated my father was called to be one of the officiators and while he was performing this work he was taken very ill with pneumonia and his life was despaired of. One morning early they sent for me and said that if I wanted to see my father alive again I had better hurry down. I was not well myself, suffering with erisciplus, and had not been out of the house for a week or so. I wrapped up sufficiently and was taken down in a sleigh. When I got there mother was feeling very bad and could not be comforted. I went and looked at father and when I saw the condition he was in it made me very sorrowful also. You could hear him breathe all over the house. The Spirit of the Lord was with me and I had a desire to administer to him. I asked mother if he had been administered to and she said he had been in the morning. I was timid about going ahead and doing anything of this sort, but I knew it was right that I should. So I asked mother if she did not want to help me in doing this. But she said "No,", she did not because she did not feel that it would be of any use; because of the Priesthood could not help that we could do nothing.

I hesitated for a few minutes and the Priesthood said to me again, "Administer to him," so I went and closed the door and asked mother if she would not pray with me. She consented to do this and we knelt down by the bed and prayed and then I anointed his head with oil and administered to him. The power of the Lord was with me, for while my hands were still on his head he began breathing much easier. When I finished father opened his eyes and said, "Thank God for this blessing, I knew this power was in the Church and I thank Him for it." This was most wonderful to me because I was so weak physically and not able to do this and surely the Lord did bless us all. Father was still very weak but that night he sat up in his chair with his clothes on. It was not long until he had fully recovered from his sickness. I have told this little experience to show you how perfectly my patriarchial blessing had been fulfilled. I was promised that I should heal the sick through the power of the Lord.

On October 2, 1884, my son Henry was married to Elvira Davidson in the Logan Temple by Apostle Mariner W. Merrill.

On August 21, 1885 I gave birth to another daughter. We named her Mary Myrtle. At this time the men were being persecuted for having more than one wife. If they were caught they were treated very unkindly and put into prison. In order that my husband might not be caught he left home and went over to Cache Junction. He would hide in all kinds of places for the Deputies were bound to find him.

At one time while he was over there I was praying to know what to do for the best. I felt that the Lord could save us more than any one else. After I had gone to bed I lay thinking about it and a voice said to me, "It is time he was moving from where he is." It was repeated again and I said, "Where shall he go then," and the same voice said, "Take him to Aunt Rosina Morrell's". I did not sleep any that night, but wrote a note to my husband telling him that I felt impressed that he should come to Logan. And that if he decided to come to ride in a load of hay as far as the old slaughter house and then to cut across the fields and I would meet him below the railroad track. However, I left him to choose for himself. Early in the morning I sent my son Melvin on his horse to Cache Junction with the note to his father. My husband also thought it best that he should leave and come home as I had suggested. In the mean time I had made arrangements with Sister Morrell for him to stay with her. You may be sure it was a solemn meeting. We just saw each other for a few minutes. I told him of the arrangements I had made and he hurried up through the back yards to Sister Morrell's where he stayed for three weeks. Of course this all happened after dark.

The very next morning after he had left Cache Junction the officers came to the house he had been hiding in and ran pitchforks in the wheat bins and hay stacks to make sure that he was not there. When they found the hole where he had been hiding they cursed and swore to think he had gotter away from them. This is just one of the many times that I have been warned and guided by the Spirit of the Lord.

While my husband was at Sister Morrell's he was fasting and praying, and so was I, to know

what to do. One morning about two o'clock he had a presentment that he should go on a mission to England, his native land, and through the help of the Lord he was able to get away from his enemies. He consulted Apostle Franklin D. Richards about such a mission and was advised to leave in two days from then. These were very strenuous times and as two of the other brethren were in the same circumstances they decided to go on Missions also. They were brothers Robert Davidson and William Watterson. The afternoon they were leaving I had a large supper prepared and both of these families had supper at my home. I gave them each a room in which to say good-bye to their families without being seen.

That night after dark my son Henry drove my husband and the other brethren to Salt Lake. Oh, what a storm we had that night. It seemed that the evil one would overpower us after all. The wind howled terribly and tore up trees and the thunder and lightening was dreadful. The Lord was surely near us for had it not been for the storm, the brethren would have been caught. The roads were full of deputies watching for them. My husband and the other brethren arrived in Salt Lake after a tedious journey. They were set apart and left for Great Britain on November 3, 1886.

It was not until I received my husband's first letter that I learned to read and write. Up to this time I could not do either. I was determined to learn to read his letters and to answer them. With many difficulties and obstacles to overcome I accomplished my desires.

While my husband was away my family and I worked very hard and we were blessed and got along very well. The boys hauled logs from the canyon and sold them and we did everything we could for our support. Every Sunday my family and I fasted and prayed to the Lord in behalf of Brother Ballard that he might be prospered in his labors. The Lord did bless him and his family also during his absence.

Through all my trials at this time I was thankful that the Lord did not forget me. There was a brother who had a plural wife who was about to be confined. Polygamists were watched very closely. This brother did not know what to do with his wife for he feared that the coming of the child would be the cause of his arrest. He went to Apostle Merrill for advice. Brother Merrill said, "Brother, you are as near the Lord as I am, go to Him." The brother fasted and prayed for three days. When he was praying in one of the upper rooms of the Temple he heard a voice say, "Take her to Margaret Ballard's." He came to me and told me that he had been sent. He did not tell me who sent him. Neither did he tell me then whose wife he was asking me to take. We were all willing to help those in trouble so I told him I would do my best in taking care of her. She was with me one week when her baby was born. The mid-wife and I were alone with her, but we got along well and I kept her and her baby for six months. No one ever molested us. When the man told me how he happened to come to me it made my heart rejoice to know that my Father in Heaven had confidence in me.

Because of my husband's being away the deputies did not bother my home and I sheltered a number of the Polygamist brethren under my roof

and gave them women's clothes to dress in so they might go and visit their families. I also drove them in my buggy, dressed in disguise, to visit their loved ones. They felt safe and the Lord preserved them.

While my husband was in London he met a sister that was on the under-ground, She had one baby girl, and she wanted to come back to Utah. My husband wrote and asked me if I would take her in my home. I did so and she stayed with me for a long time and was not molested, so I felt blessed once more.

My husband secured a great deal of Genealogy while he was in England and sent these records to me. My son Henry and I did the work for these names in the Temple. When my husband came back he was very pleased to know that all of the work was done. It gave me great joy to be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in helping work out salvation for those who had died in darkness. And again I felt that I had fulfilled in part another blessing which was promised me by one of God's Patriarchs.

Brother Ballard was away on his mission for over two years. He arrived home in Logan in January 1889. In order that he might not be detected he took a freight train from Salt Lake City and traveled in the night, arriving in Logan in the early morning. I did not know just when to expect him home but I felt impressed that he would come in this manner and sat up all night waiting for him. When I heard the train whistling into Mendon I awakened my son Thomas and sent him to the station to meet his father. He

arrived in safety, but did not know Thomas because he had grown so much during the separation. Although our meeting was held in secrecy it was a joyful one. We were very thankful for the work my husband had been able to accomplish and for his protection; and that we had all been spared and granted life and health and had been cared for by our Heavenly Father during my husband's absence.

After Brother Ballard had been home for a few days he thought it best to go and tell the officers that he was home again and ready to serve his term for polygamy, in the penitentiary. The officers granted him a day or two to rest and visit with his families. Then he went to Ogden and was tried before a court and fined fifty dollars and sentenced to two months imprisonment. He paid the fine and served his term and then returned to us feeling free from obligations of this kind. The following December my little daughter Ella took very sick with membranous croup. She suffered terribly for several days and then died on December 13, 1889. She was fourteen years old and a great comfort to me and such a companion during her fathers absence. Of course this was another severe blow to me. The Lord blessed me and comforted me so that I knew that it was best that she should be taken.

Ten days before her death I had a dream which troubled me greatly for I knew it had something to do with the children whom I had buried. After her death I went to the Temple to get endowments for her and was feeling very badly. I prayed that I might know the meaning of my dream. I was sitting wondering why I had been called to go through this trial once more when the interpretation of my dream went before my eyes with great plainness. I saw in the vision that which would have come upon my children.

If they had lived they would have been lost to me. I was shown that my five beautiful children were saved and that they would be mine again. I had this vision, for which I feel thankful, and this is as true as the sun ever shines upon the earth.

On April 2, 1890 my son Thomas was married to Phebe Smith in the Logan Temple by Apostle Mariner W. Merrill.

On March 8, 1891 my son Henry was called to be Bishop of the Benson Ward. He was set apart by Apostle Moses Thatcher and held this position for over twenty years.

In the fall of 1891 my father took suddenly sick and died. This was a great sorrow to me for I loved my father very dearly and felt his loss keenly. His faith and power of healing, through the spirit of God, were very wonderful. I relied upon him in trials and sorrows and sickness and felt that I had truly lost a good friend and a loving father. His life had always been an inspiration to me and a guiding star.

On April 6, 1893 I attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. My soul was filled with joy for the privilege of being a partaker of such a heavenly feast, as was manifested at that dedication.

On June 17, 1896 my son Melvin was married to Martha Jones and my daughter Rebecca was married to Louis S. Cardon in the Logan temple, Apostle Mariner W. Merrill performing both the Ceremonies.

A few weeks after his marriage, Melvin went upon his first mission. During his

absence I gave his wife a home with me and did everything I could for her comfort and welfare. While she was with me she gave birth to their son Melvin Russell. He was a very delicate child and we had many serious times to pass through with him. The Lord was good to us and answered our prayers and restored him many times to health. Day after day I have fasted and prayed for him and surely the Lord was good to spare his life.

Shortly after my son returned from his mission, my son-in-law, Louis, went upon a mission to Switzerland. His wife, Rebecca, and their little son Ballard, came home to live with me and remained with me for over two years.

My daughter, Lettie, was married to George W. Squires on February 22, 1899 in the Logan temple by Apostle Mariner W. Merrill. Shortly after their marriage, George went upon a mission to California, leaving Lettie with me. So this time I had the two missionary wives with me at the same time. The Lord blessed us all and we were provided for and kept in peace and comfort until my sons-in-law returned, having filled honorable missions.

My mother died December 6, 1900 after an illness which lasted over two years. During her sickness I endeavored to render willing services for her comfort and benefit. She lived with my sister Jeannette about three blocks from my home. Every day during her two years sickness I walked back and forth two and three times a day to assist my sister, who had very poor health, to care for my mother. It grieved me so to see my mother afflicted for such a long time. I did everything I knew for her comfort and in turn I received her gratitude and blessing.

March 13th, 1901 my sister Jeannette died leaving five orphan children, three boys and two girls. Her husband died two years before her death. Upon her dying bed she pleaded with me to take her two little girls and raise them as my own. After the funeral I brought the two little girls, Edna, aged six, and Jeannette aged ten, to my home. I have done my duty by them as well as I have known and I know my Heavenly Father is satisfied with my efforts. Now they are raised I am proud of them. I love them and know that they love me.

My sister Emily took sick about this time and suffered very severely for months. This was another trial for me, for, although we had many misunderstandings and differences of opinion, she was very dear to me. We had traveled the road together for many years and had passed through trials and hardships together and had stood by each other in all the experiences of life. While we had our trials, living the law of plural marriage, I believe we lived it and got along as well as human beings could be expected to live it. I know we will have cause of great rejoicing in the great hereafter for having done so well. Since her death I have tried to do justice to her children in all of our dealings. I have tried to give motherly counsel and advice to them all, both sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughter-in-law. I love them every one next to my very own, and I know they love me. They have always shown love and respect for me.

My husband died February 26, 1908 after a brief illness. Although he had been a sufferer for a number of years, and I was thankful to see him released from this

suffering. My life has been more lonely without him than anyone can imagine without having experienced it themselves. He was a kind and loving husband, and an affectionate father, a man of honor and justice, filled with faith in God, and he exercised great power in his Priesthood. I have been a widow for nine years. Each day I miss him more and know that I will be filled with joy when I am once more associated with him.

On September 3, 1908 my daughter Myrtle was married to D. Ray Shurtliff in the Logan temple by President William Budge.

Five months after their marriage D. Ray went on a mission to England. During his absence my daughter made her home with me the greater part of the time. In this way I have assisted the spread of the Gospel by providing a home and food for my three daughters and one daughter-in-law while their husbands have preached the Gospel to the nations of the world. I have given what material assistance I could to help along with this work so near and dear to my heart. A number of my grandsons have also filled missions, for which I feel thankful.

My son, Melvin, was called to preside over the Northwestern States Mission shortly after his father's death. He left in April 1909 and is still laboring in this capacity. He has been an instrument in performing a great work for which I feel thankful. I have visited him a number of times in Portland, Oregon, during his mission. It has been my happy lot to minister unto several of the Elders in this part of the Lord's field. I learned to love them all because of the work which they represent. I have also gone out with them to their street

meetings and raised my voice in defense of the truth and have born my testimony of the truthfulness of this work to throngs of people crowded in the streets of Portland. My heart rejoices for this great privilege and I thank God for the Testimony which I was able to bear on such occasions. In my weak way I feel that I have assisted in the spread of truth and I feel thankful for this great blessing.

(On September 6, 1911 my sister's daughter Jeannette, whom I had raised, was married to F. Wayne Shurtliff in the Logan temple by President William Budge.

I am thankful for my family, for their love and respect and for the honor they have always shown to me and their father. I am thankful for their obedience and for their desire to follow their parents example concerning the things of the Lord. I am thankful that the Lord has blessed them with the privilege of every one having been married in the Temple by the Priesthood of God and sealed for time and eternity. Not only my own family but all of my husband's children, and also those whom I have raised as my own, have had this privilege, except Edna, who is not yet married.

My life has been one of varied experiences. I have had a great deal of sickness to pass through, both with my children and grand children, but I have always relied upon the Lord and He has never failed me. I have stood by my husband under all conditions; sickness, trials, poverty, and prosperity. I have labored by his side in the fields. I have done various kinds of work, such as soap

making, weaving and spinning, reaping and sowing, plowing and gleanig. From the first day that I entered this valley until this day I have never ceased my labors to upbuild and beautify this city.

Although my life has been one of sacrifice and service, I feel that I have lived it the best I could with the knowledge I have had.

My testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel grows stronger each day and the work grows dearer and sweeter to my soul. I know that God lives and that He lives and answers prayer, that Jesus is the Son of the Living God, and that Joseph Smith was His Prophet. I thank God for this knowledge and leave this as my testimony to my children and grandchildren and all who may come after me. I plead of you all to heed the Spirit of God that you may also have this testimony burning in your hearts, that you may have His Spirit as your daily companion.

The foregoing autobiography was written about one year before her death. This year like all other years of her life was spent in service and devotion to her Religion, her country and her family.

She was the mother of eleven children, five of whom preceeded her to the great beyond, and has thirty-four grand children and eleven great-grandchildren.

Shortly after her return to Logan from the April Conference of 1918, she was afflicted with a painful disease, high blood pressure, resulting in slow hemmorrhages of the brain, which lasted for ten weeks. During this time she suffered

intensely without complaint or murmur. From the day she was forced to take her bed until the last breath of life she accepted what ever came as the will of the Father with such resignation as is rarely found.

In her Patriarchial Blessing she was promised to remain upon the earth as long as she desired. Having a strong constitution with a sound body and heart there seemed to be no reason why she should not be healed and remain with us for many years, but it was her firm conviction that she was not to remain. She would say, "I am satisfied with my life and I am ready to go back to my Heavenly Father."

To those who were privileged to be with her during her sickness were given the golden hours of her well spent life. Such a peaceful, heavenly influence dwelt in her home and about her that we felt we were in the presence of holiness. The lessons of patience and endurance and faith which she gave shall always be treasures to us. Her exhortations to her children are well worth remembering.

Her wonderful testimonies will live as long as memory lasts. Her mind was keen and bright to the last sensitive to her appearance and surroundings. She died as she had lived, a devoted Latter-day Saint with full faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She departed from this life on July 21, 1918 at the age of seventy two years. It was a beautiful Sunday morning with the birds singing their morning songs and the last star hanging in the eastern sky. What a glorious Sabbath morn it must have been to her and her loved ones on the other side.

Her funeral was held in the Logan Tabernacle July 23. It was one of simplicity and peace, typical of her life. She was buried beside her husband in the Logan Cemetary, one spot on earth very dear to her heart.

